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The Omdurman Atrocity.

"We challenge any sane man to attempt to realize that battlefield, and then to stand up in God's daylight and say that it is good." So writes the editor of a London journal in reference to the horrible butchery at Omdurman, over which so great a portion of England has gone wild with delight. Something of the loathsomeness of the scene may be gathered from the picture, given in the London *Daily Mail*, of the trenches at Atbara after the battle there last spring:

"There were black spindle-legs curled up to meet red-gimbleted black faces; donkeys headless and legless, or sieves of shrapnel; camels with necks writhed back onto their humps, rotting already in pools of blood and bile-yellow water; heads without faces, and faces without anything below; cobwebbed arms and legs, and black skins grilled to crackling on smouldering palm-leaf."

But Atbara was only the ante-room of Omdurman. At the former place General Kitchener and his forces were only "whetting their tusks," by a little practice, for the general massacre at the latter. And what dreadful work these Christian tusks made of it for a few hours! At the end of the revel, not less than ten thousand lay dead and mangled beyond recognition, and from fifteen to twenty thousand were writhing or crawling about in agony on the blood-soaked earth, while "from every straw shelter thin streams of blood oozed out, blackening in the scorching vertical sun."

And what did the Christian Sirdar do with these thousands of wounded dervishes? The *Saturday Review* and the *Standard* say that squads of Egyptian soldiers were sent out to kill them off, in order to save lint and other necessities, and to keep the limited staff of medical attendants and nurses from being overworked. No wonder that General Kitchener tried to keep the newspaper correspondents out of the way. The worst newspaper correspondent that ever manufactured stories out of whole cloth has not sunk to a lower depth of infamy than an English general who, in cold blood, is capable of doing what was done at Omdurman. There is only one depth of barbarism lower than this — the eating of those slain in battle. What shall be said of a Christian public, in England or America, which will deliberately shut its eyes and condone such an atrocity on the ground that it was a necessary work of civilization against these "fiends incarnate"? Fiends incarnate! In which garb?

There is a theory of some Christians — not ourselves — that the world is to grow worse and worse until it finally becomes so bad that the Son of Man will descend in wrath and smite all sinners from the face of the earth, to make room for the handful of saints left. It begins to look, in the light of the

deeds of Sir Herbert, who has evidently been brought up on this sort of theology, as if this descent of the Son will not be necessary. All He will need to do is to encourage the Christian nations to follow up the Sirdar's methods, to which they seem so much inclined, and then He can stay quietly in Heaven, and they will accomplish the work for Him — all of it except their own destruction, which He may have to reserve to himself, if they should not succeed in annihilating one another, after blotting out all the "fiends incarnate."

We are glad to know that there are still people in England, some of whom retain their voices, who have some respect left for the teachings of the Gospel. Mr. W. S. Blunt, writing in the London *Times*, says of this Omdurman horror: "The misgovernment of the Khalifa has been immensely exaggerated for political purposes. . . . Knowing Nile politics intimately as I do, and bearing the past in mind, I will not hesitate longer to say that a massacre so gigantic in its proportions and so little justified by any circumstances of necessity or self-defense, was never committed by a civilized European nation since modern wars began."

Sir Wilfrid Lawson and others have written in the same transparent way. But in spite of the evident atrocity of the deed, or rather because of it, Christian England proposes to recognize the deed as her own, as it is her own, by giving General Kitchener a purse of £25,000 and putting him into the House of Lords as Lord Kitchener of Khartoum. She ought to set up a new division of Parliament for such as he, and enter him as Lord of the Bloody Valley.

The Horrors of the War.

The recent war had its full quota of horrors. No war ever had more of them in the same number of weeks. One cannot think of them in their terrible reality without shuddering. Most people will not picture them to their minds at all. The imagination instinctively refuses to go through such shocking and loathsome details. But they were there just the same, and whoever says that the war was righteous and glorious must, if he is honest, say it with all these horrors before his imagination.

The first instalment of horrors came in Manila harbor, on Sunday morning, the first day of May. Little mention was made of these horrors in the account of the "glorious" victory. There were but few casualties on "our side," only a few men slightly wounded, not a ship lost, not a man killed. It was nearly a "bloodless" victory. Was it? A few thousand yards away, what was happening? There was plenty of blood there. Men were crushed into jelly by the murderous shells, or blown into unrecognizable fragments. The ships were set on

fire by the explosive missiles. Men with limbs torn off were roasted alive on the decks. Men wounded and screaming from pain were suffocated to death in the hot sulphurous hells below the decks. Living, wounded and dead went down promiscuously in the bloody, seething waters. Whose guns, whose hands, whose brains did these things? Look straight into these infernal deeds, ye praters of the "righteousness" and "glory" of war, and then speak! Speak conscientiously!

The second instalment of horrors came at Santiago de Cuba on the first of July. These were the ordinary horrors of a battlefield intensified by the flaming heat of a tropical sun, and aggravated by the stupid haste with which the conflict was rushed into. Ordinary horrors, did we say? There are no ordinary horrors of a battlefield. They are always extraordinary, every battlefield creating its own horrors. Men are never killed or wounded alike. Their sufferings are always peculiar to themselves. It was especially so that day before Santiago. The "picnic" of death and wounds was described in the dailies until the nation's heart grew pale and still. Brave men were mown to death on both sides by hundreds, were mangled into helpless masses by thousands, wounded men lay for two days in the burning sun and the drenching rain, without food, without water, without care, hidden in the long grass, or half buried in the mud. The buzzards did not wait for them to die; the land crabs ate away the faces of men still alive.

Some of these horrors, it will be said, might have been avoided, others lessened, if there had been any brains in the management. Possibly so. Though we doubt whether, with the rapidity with which war moves in these days, any amount of brains would have changed the essential character of the scene. Destruction always moves faster than healing; it will move still faster with the tremendous forces now harnessed to its service. The only way to prevent such scenes is to do away with war altogether.

We venture to suggest in this connection that the whole question of the moral justification of war is not a question of motives and results, but of means and deeds. There are no more horrible deeds ever done on the earth than those of war. If motives and results can be made to justify such deeds as those which must be done on every battlefield, then is not the principle that the end justifies the means established, and the foundations of morality swept entirely away?

Instalment three of the horrors of the war came on the third of July—Sunday again—with the destruction of Cervera's fleet. Again there were no casualties worth mentioning on "our side," one killed and one wounded. But the appalling character of the destruction, death and torture on the Spanish ships has never been surpassed in the whole

history of warfare. The steel covering of the Vizcaya became red hot. Men were seen naked roasting to death on the deck, or scalded by steam, or climbing down blistering-hot chains, their naked bodies swinging against the red hot sides of the ships. Within, men, having torn off their burning garments, rushed frantically about, or wounded writhed in agonies in the awful heat. The shotted guns kept going off by reason of the heat, and an explosion of one of the magazines tore one end of the vessel into pieces. It was much the same on all the ships, which were crushed and set on fire by the American shells.

When the news of the destruction of Cervera's fleet reached Washington there was wild, unrestrained rejoicing in the nation's capital. So there was in other parts of the land. To rejoice wildly over a victory attended by such scenes as occurred on the Spanish vessels, one must, it seems to us, either close his eyes absolutely to them or have a heart compared with which stone is tender. But what sort of a moral condition does it indicate to shut one's eyes to these horrors and see only the bravery, the destructive skill and the victory of the winners? Much has been said of the tenderness of the American men after the fight was over; but how does this in any way change the character of their furious scientific cruelty while the battle was on? Great praise has been bestowed on Captain Philip for his restraint when, on reaching the shattered Oquendo and seeing the awful plight of the men, he exclaimed, "Don't cheer; the poor devils are dying!" But what of the pitiless deeds of Captain Philip and his men, which had just created the hell in which "the poor devils" were suffering unspeakable agonies? Does the awful contradiction never occur to the minds of those who talk about "brilliant achievements" and "glorious victories?" What is the other side of a "brilliant victory?" By what light does it shine? The difference between Captain Philip and Commodore Schley who nonchalantly remarked as the men on the Texas cheered him, "It was a nice fight, Jack, was n't it?", was that the latter had wholly closed his eyes to the atrocities committed, the former only half. We speak of these two only as types.

Of the fourth and final instalment of the horrors of the war what suitable word can be said? These horrors were the aftermath of the Santiago campaign. Wounded men were left without food, without medicines, without care, to die in the hospitals or in the places where they fell. Men were stricken down with yellow fever, typhoid, dysentery, were packed into foul ships, died by scores in camp and on the voyage home, or were starved into ghosts of their former selves. As the details of the situation became known and the army came home a shriveled and helpless wreck, the whole nation was

filled with horror, shame and indignation, and a great cry went up all over the land against the management of the war department.

We have no excuses to offer for the Secretary of War. We have little doubt that the investigation which has been ordered will, if thoroughly made, reveal both incompetency and corruption in the department. But the blame ought to be put primarily where it belongs. Given the circumstances under which the government rushed headlong into the war and the locality of the campaign, we do not believe that the most capable and honest man in the nation could have handled the department so as to have prevented, except in moderate measure, the horrors which came on like a whirlwind. They were, in kind at least, what had been foretold. They are therefore to be set down as a part of the crime of the war, chargeable to all those in Congress and elsewhere who so blindly precipitated the conflict. Mr. Alger was one of these. He was at the head of the war-party in the cabinet. He was thirsty for blood and honor. He must therefore bear the blame not only for the incompetency and corruption of the administration of the department but also that of having forced on the war in the beginning. He is reaping as he sowed, a double harvest of shame and dishonor. But multitudes of guilty men are throwing their own loads on to poor Alger's shoulders.

It makes one unspeakably sad to have to feel that all these horrors will soon be pushed out of sight by many, and that they will go on talking of the "glory" and the "righteousness" of war. There is no blindness greater than that which the war-god lets down upon human eyes.

General Sherman's famous saying, "War is Hell," has recently been much discussed. One magazine writer has attempted to show—that needed no demonstration—that the old fighter did not utter it in the interests of peace, and had no notion himself of joining a peace society. Sherman cared nothing for peace as a matter of principle. He was a fighter. That was his business. But he called the business by its right name. He was honest enough to reason straight about it. He made no pretensions to religion. He left that to his wife, so he said. When men in his presence tried to deck out war in garments of righteousness and glory, he said no. "You say that war is glory; I say it is hell." "Men who have nice notions about Christianity had better let war alone." "War is cruel and you cannot refine it." All this talk about the "glory" of war, the "righteousness" of it, the "civilizing" of it, he brushed aside as mere ignorant and hollow pretence. He did not shut his eyes to such horrors as were enacted in the recent war. He looked straight into them and described what he saw. No war ever showed more conspicuously than the recent one the utter impossibility of changing the inhuman character of war.

Hon. Thomas F. Bayard.

Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, who died on September 28, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Samuel D. Warren, at Dedham, Mass., at the age of seventy, is universally conceded to have been one of the ablest and purest of American public men. He was as distinguished for honesty as for ability, a thing which we wish we could say of all men in public positions. A neighbor of his who had known him long, said that "God never made an honest man than Tom Bayard."

But whatever God had done for him through a long line of worthy and distinguished ancestors, Mr. Bayard had the high personal honor of having maintained his hereditary virtue, and of having developed and strengthened it to a point where it would not in the least give way before either financial or political temptations. United States Senator for sixteen years, Secretary of State for four years, Ambassador to Great Britain four years. Mr. Bayard might have been President, or at least have received the nomination of his party therefor, if he had been willing to play fast and loose with the questions of the currency and of civil service reform. But he was a greater man as he was, and did more both for the good and the honor of his country, than would have been the case if he had swerved a hair's breadth from his convictions and thereby become President.

Mr. Bayard never did more for his country and for humanity in any other position than when he was at the Court of St. James. A good deal has been said about the recent war with Spain having wiped out all animosity between this country and Great Britain. This is not a true statement of the case. An animosity which is apparently destroyed by war is very apt to come to life again at very inopportune times. War-friendships are extremely unreliable, and for our own part we should have little confidence in the sudden expression of friendly feeling between the two nations, if the roots of this feeling were not much deeper than the influence of the war. The disappearance of prejudices between this country and Great Britain has been going on for years, and the growing friendship between them has much deeper foundations than any temporary sympathies aroused by the war. This is the view taken by Professor Dicey in the October *Atlantic Monthly*, and it is certainly the true one.

When the history of this growing friendship shall have been truly written, Mr. Bayard will be found to have contributed as much to it as any other single individual. When at London, he made it a part of his official business to foster a better understanding between the two countries. He believed it to be a part of the duty of an ambassador to promote friendly international relations. He was willing to